

and what good was air, grian thought.

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and what good was air, grian thought.

by [urxscaredofthefuture](#)

Summary

He smells the toast before he sees it—but he just thinks he's going insane. Or maybe he's exhausted. Or maybe he's having a heart attack or a stroke—he had heard that one of those made you smell toast. Right?

As he's staring, the toast crunches down on one side, an invisible force taking a bite of it.

He doesn't believe in ghosts, but maybe, just maybe, the balcony cat's owner was dead.

Or. Grian moves into a new apartment, and things aren't what they seem to be.

Notes

A simple scarian halloween fic completed in 24 hours, surprised gifted to FlyingColoursofPurenless for the support on my chaptered fic, one red, one lilac. Thank you for constantly praising my down right undeveloped writing skills! and, don't worry, one red, one lilac will be returning tomorrow ;)

please mind the horrible characterization. I have no clue why Gem was decided to be Grian's sister, but as the author of this fic my word is God and you will enjoy it.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It all starts when Grian finalizes the deal on his new apartment.

It was a nice, small and *homey* apartment in the middle of town—close enough to the Sahara Company building that his commute to work only took fifteen minutes every single day.

Which only sweetened the deal for Grian

It's not that anything weird happens, *per se*. At first, he doesn't even *consider* the fact that he may possibly have an *unwanted* visitor.

It was simply a cat on his balcony.

Mostly white, gentle gray print on its upper back. Its eyes are a light shade of green, and Grian couldn't help but have his heart melt.

There's a scrawny cat on his balcony that looks like it's starving, a simple red collar around its neck—a small golden heart dangling from its collar.

So, of course, he heads to his kitchen, searching through his *mostly* empty cupboards to find a can of wet cat food, only to find himself grimacing at his own food—*really*, he needed to stock his cupboards up. Going to the grocery store today wouldn't be a *bad* idea.

Yet, he needed *Maui* to-

"What do you think *you're* doing?" A voice all but purred out. "You're not thinking about giving my food away to that *fleabag* outside, are you?"

Grian pulled his head out of the cupboard he had been staring into, blinking gently before staring at the cat on his small kitchen Island. Maui *stretched*, green eyes narrowed in on

Grian. His black spots stretched with him, sharp looking ears pointing up as he let out a deep yawn.

He stared towards the dominantly light brown cat, narrowing his eyes with a small frown.

He had been given a gift from Gemini two years ago. A familiar—despite Grian wanting *nothing* to do with witchcraft. Really, he *loved* Gemini: his sister was a wonderful Witch's apprentice, and she was *really* good at her job!

Grian wasn't interested in being a witch, though, or having *witchcraft* in his day to day life. He wasn't interested in *chasing* the unknown.

Unfortunately, seeing as his mother had been a Witch, and his father had been a Medium, so the unknown had a thing for chasing him. Maui wouldn't leave, he was attached to Grian, and —well, having a talking intelligent cat wasn't a *bad* thing.

Sure, Maui could be a pain to deal with—he was a little troublemaker, and a tad bit rude on his good days—but the trade-off was nice.

Grian *couldn't* read.

He wasn't *dyslexic*, he hadn't *not* learnt the alphabet in school—his mother had been *text blind*. Apparently that could happen to witches, *real ones*, ones that had magic in their blood.

Apparently, it could be passed down *genetically*—and Grian unfortunately had been hit the hardest. Just like his mother, he couldn't manage to read. *Anything*.

It didn't stop him from living a normal life—or, well, *almost* normal life, seeing as Maui was a part of it.

Speaking of Maui.

Grian scrunched up his nose.

"It's not a *fleabag*. Besides, that poor cat is probably starving." Grian said, closing the cupboard he had already gone through before pulling open the one underneath it.

"And that's *our* problem?" Maui said, taking a few steps closer to Grian. He stayed standing on the kitchen Island, staring towards Grian with a small purr.

"It's on *our* balcony." He said, grinning from ear to ear. *Bingo*. A can of wet cat food. He grabbed the tin, closing the cupboard door before glancing back to Maui. "So, yes. It's *our* problem."

Maui tilted his head to the side.

"I don't see how that makes it *our* problem, Grian." The cat said with a small yawn. "Maybe *your* problem, but my *Purina* shouldn't be affected by this."

Grian rolled his eyes, walking out of his kitchen. Turning the corner, he was once again in his living room, staring towards the cat on the balcony. It sat there still, gently licking at its paw.

Maui followed him into the room, brushing his body against Grian's leg with a small *purr*. It was nothing short of a guilt trip—Maui wanted the tin to himself.

Grian rolled his eyes with a small smile. "I'll buy you turkey flavor the next time we're at the store, Maui." He said, glancing towards the cat. "Be *nice*. It's just a poor normal cat whose owner probably moved. Maybe they didn't take the cat with them."

"Is that your *excuse* for feeding it? You know it'll keep coming back." Maui said, and if a cat could scowl he would currently be doing so. Maui was nothing more than *pissy*; Grian was confident he'd get over it.

"*Relax.* I have enough money to feed you and *our* new outside friend." Grian said, slowly approaching the glass door that led to the balcony outside. He opened it gently, the cat on the balcony staring at him—yet it *wasn't* running away, not *yet*.

Obviously, it was familiar with humans. Well. After all, it had a *collar*.

"Hey pretty kitty, are you lost?" Grian asked, stepping out onto his balcony before slowly crouching down, opening up the tin of cat food before placing it on the balcony. "Here, you must be hungry."

"It's *embarrassing* how you talk to an animal that won't really understand you." Maui said, and as Grian glanced towards him he could see the egyptian mau sitting down, his tail swaying back and forth behind him.

When he glanced back towards the balcony cat he could see as it slowly approached him, cautious hesitation in its eyes. As it got closer, Grian could see that it was a *she*.

She approached the wet cat food, giving it only a single sniff before devouring it.

Grian checked her tag—there was no number, no *name*—and gave her a few gentle pets before heading back inside. He closed the balcony door behind him, already knowing Maui would freak if he decided a new cat would be sticking around spontaneously.

He'd just feed her. Maybe her old owner would even come back and collect her, too. After all, he had only just moved into his apartment yesterday.

It's when his blanket end up on the balcony *unexpectedly*, the cute little balcony cat curled up in it, politely making kitty-biscuits, did he start to question *it*.

It was his checkered blanket, just a lap one, red and black—nice and soft. He had it on the couch, *partly* as a decoration, *partly* as a source of occasional heat.

He had just gone to reach for it after setting his kodi down—he had been listening to a new audio book on his kodi, Iskall had dropped off for him, who *occasionally* made sure Grian was using his mind outside of business hours. which, of course, meant downloading him *new* audio books—only to realize it.. just *wasn't* there.

He stood up, looking around his living room—and his eyes wandered towards the balcony.

Obviously, he wasn't going to take the blanket away. No, he wasn't a *monster*—and obviously she seemed to be enjoying it. While Grian couldn't hear her purring through the glass door, he knew for certain that the cat was absolutely *delighted* with the new blanket.

At first, Grian had smirked.

"Maui," he called out, watching as the egyptian mau came running out of his home office room. He brushed against Grian's legs, purring excessively.

"You've decided to go to the store again? I've been *craving*—" Maui began, perhaps the happiest he had ever been. Grian couldn't help but smile as he cut Maui off, shaking his head as he crouched down.

He gave the familiar a few scratches behind his ear.

"I thought you said the balcony cat *wasn't* our problem." He said, smiling softly. "You *mush*." He teased.

Yet Maui just stared at him with blank eyes, tilting his head to the side.

"She isn't." He said, stretching forwards before turning around to look at the balcony.

"But you gave her your favorite couch blanket?" He said, staring towards the cat who seemed to freeze in his spot.

"I *didn't*." Maui said, turning his head, staring into Grian's eyes.

And Grian chose to ignore it.

Unfortunately, life seems to do the *opposite* of what Grian wants it to do.

Unfortunately, his apartment seems *very* passionate about giving the balcony cat more comfort. A *pillow*, another *blanket* and *Maui's old cat bed* show up outside throughout the course of the next three days while Grian is at work. He comes back to a new thing on his balcony every single day.

It's starting to get *ridiculous*.

Yet, he still feeds the cat—because despite the odd things that are happening, she's a *plain* and *normal* cat. Even Maui can see it.

Though, Maui had been mostly hiding in his room the past few days—refusing to tell Grian why.

Despite Grian rejecting everything to do with the unknown, he finally *gives in*. It's when he's working on the blueprints Mumbo needed done this week, the one's Grian *hadn't* been working on, and he sees a piece of toast *flying* through the air.

There's strawberry jam.

He smells the toast before he sees it—but he just thinks he's going insane. Or maybe he's *exhausted*. Or maybe he's having a *heart attack* or a *stroke*—he had heard that one of those made you smell toast. *Right?*

As he's staring, the toast crunches down on one side, an invisible force taking a bite of it.

He doesn't believe in ghosts, but maybe, *just* maybe, the balcony cat's owner was dead.

He's being *ridiculous*, he thinks, as he finds Mumbo's number in his phone, the contact icon being the only reason he knows for certain that it's Mumbo.

He's gone delusional, he thinks, as he phones up his best friend and co-owner of Sahara, the original *tech* to his *archi*, and tells him about the *offhand possibility* that his apartment is *haunted*. That he *might* need help.

Really, the only reason why Grian *doesn't* feel completely ridiculous is because Mumbo, when Grian had first met him, was a spiritual hippie who *talked* to spirits.

Once again, Grian thinks, I'm surrounded by the things I've been trying to convince myself that don't exist.

"Mumbo, this is *silly*." Grian says, watching as his best friend sets a whole room up with white candles, rose petals and—well, witchy *stuff*.

He had stormed in an hour ago, still on the phone with Grian—determined to figure out just *what* this ghost wanted. Grian wasn't convinced it was a ghost—maybe it was an elf. He had met one of those before, too. Though, when he suggested it, Mumbo only laughed it off like it was a *joke*.

Like *ghosts* could be real, but *elves* were where he drew the line.

Truly, Mumbo was an *odd* specimen.

Grian stared towards a perfectly groomed mustache planted on his best friend's face and sighed.

Mumbo had rushed over from work, his black suit jacket discarded somewhere on Grian's couch—he had rolled his white dress shirt sleeves up, loosened his tie and *went to town*, making Grian's poor, poor *kitchen* into a *seance* room.

He felt *seriously* under dressed for this occasion, wearing nothing more than a simple red jumper.

Mumbo glanced up, staring at Grian before *frowning*. "Dude, it was *your* idea." He said, tilting his head to the side. He was—well, he was lighting a white candle.

There were actually *multiple* white candles, all of which were in his kitchen—the new seance room—and Grian couldn't quite complain. They were in simple glass jars, and Grian was fairly certain Mumbo had gotten them from *Gemini*.

They smelt *just* like a field of lilacs.

So, *really*, Grian couldn't complain.

"Yeah." He mumbled under his breath, staring at the room that had once been his kitchen. Now, his kitchen Island had an *Ouija board* placed on top of it. Now, his kitchen was covered in *salt* and *herbs* and *rose petals*—and Mumbo had promised he'd clean it up. "But I just wanted to *communicate* with the spirit in my house! Not do a whole seance!" He said, not quite *calmly*.

"Grian." Mumbo said, a tone Grian could only describe as *Mumbo being actively annoyed by him*—they had been friends for years, so, obviously, Grian could read Mumbo's tones.

And *obviously* there were a few that Grian himself had caused.

Grian stretched, tilting his head to the side. "*Mister Mumbo Jumbo*." He said back, glancing towards the fridge.

He had nothing inside of it. Not yet, at least. For the past few days he had been living off of the door dash—he was too *busy* to cook himself a proper meal. That, and, well, he could only eat so much of his spaghetti before hating it.

"Can you take this *seriously*, please?" Mumbo asks, and Grian flashes his eyes back towards him. There's this serious look on Mumbo's face, and *maybe* Grian's being a bit of an ass, because *obviously* Mumbo is taking this *very* seriously.

And if *Mumbo's* wasting his important time on something as *ridiculous* as this, because Grian's new apartment is *haunted*, because he has an oddly *friendly* ghost who has been robbing him off his belongings, then *maybe* Grian should take it seriously too.

Out of respect to Mumbo.

Grian stays *silent* for a moment or two before sighing, mumbling "*fine*," as if he were completely against the idea.

He couldn't let Mumbo *fully* win. After all, If Gemini knew his kitchen was the new found *seance* room, she'd have a *field day*—would thank Mumbo *again* and *again*, because *maybe* Grian would realize he had *potential*.

Whatever *that* meant.

Yet, Mumbo still smiled, glancing back down to the floor—he began to draw lines on it with chalk, and.. Grian *wasn't* quite *sure* what this process *was*.

He had never actively gone out of his way to *speak* to the dead before. Really, ghosts were *outrageously* common compared to elves and fae and, well, anything else—but Grian had met more *fae* than he had heard of *ghosts*.

Which, seemed *ridiculous*, considering he was now living with one.

"Good." Mumbo said, still working at.. whatever he was doing. "Now go and unplug all the electronics in your apartment—." He said *immediately* after, and suddenly Grian was lost.

"*What?*" He gawked, glaring towards Mumbo. That was *ridiculous*—*why* should he do *that*?

Yet, Mumbo being *Mumbo* had a perfectly good reason as to why he should do *that*.

"Less distracting for the spirit in your house." He said, shrugging. He made his way around the room, completing a chalk circle before standing up, staring towards Grian. "You know nothing about *It*."

Well. That made sense. *Kind of*. From what Grian knew, spirits could be *sensitive* to electricity—though, that seemed *ridiculous*, when taking in the fact that this ghost in particular used his *toaster*.

"It?" Grian questioned, glancing down the hallway. Maui was still curled up on his cat bed in Grian's room, and Grian *longed* to be curled up in his own bed, his apartment not filled with a *toast-making* ghost.

Mumbo simply shrugged. "Or *them*." He said, as if it were a completely normal thing to say in reference to a *toast stealing ghost*.

Ah. Right. Grian *hadn't* mentioned it to Mumbo. "The spirit is a guy." He mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck. He desperately hoped that Mumbo didn't question it.

Unfortunately, Mumbo *immediately* questioned it.

"How do you know?" He asked, cocking his head to the side like Maui did.

Actually, he and Maui were more alike than Grian would like to think: yet, unfortunately, he had just been asked a *question*, and Mumbo was looking towards him like he had *two heads*. Which was painfully *ironic*, considering Mumbo had just transformed his *kitchen* into a *seance room*.

He really wasn't over the *seance* thing.

How do you know, and Grian didn't quite know how to answer because—well, he *didn't know* how he *knew*. He could just.. *feel it*. It wasn't like he could see the ghost in his apartment, he wasn't *crazy*—he could just, well, feel his presence, sometimes, sort of—and he was very confident the spirit was a man.

"*I don't know*." He mumbled. "I just.. he's a guy. *Mid twenties*." Grian whispered, staring down the hallway.

He'd kill to be in bed right now, *not* answering these questions—not dealing with Mumbo's *very serious seance*. Though, it was too early for bed anyways, and as much as he wanted to curl up and hide, he was *almost* curious.

Almost.

After all, he hadn't been *haunted* before—and it was almost *exciting*, all things *considered*. The spirit wasn't harmful, he hadn't done anything bad, just—he was kind of an *annoyance*.

Grian had questions to ask him, though.

"He's around our age?" Mumbo asked, rubbing a finger against his upper lip, scratching at his mustache.

Grian just nodded, quickly offering a "*yeah*."

Mumbo seemed to accept that as an answer, simply just nodding before lighting the rest of the candles in the kitchen.

"*Okay*." Grian said, beginning to step into the hall, turning the corner and heading into his living room. "I'll just, go- unplug everything, *then*." He said, mentally trying to convince himself that this was absolutely *normal*, and that his very practical friend Mumbo had *not* gone insane.

"Thank you, Grian." Mumbo offered. "Come back after you're done."

Come back after you're done, Mumbo said, *as if Grian would stay alone in a dark room, basically asking to be possessed while Mumbo did a seance.*

Mumbo has the board set up, has gone through the motion of using the Ouija board—and Grian understood *none* of it, hands placed on the strange thing that'd *apparently* spell out words. Not that he'd *know*, of course. He didn't understand why his hands had to be on it.

Yet he listened, didn't ask questions, stared towards Mumbo as he spoke out loud in his kitchen, as if it *didn't* seem like they had both just gone insane.

"We are open to communication with the Spirit who haunts this apartment." Mumbo said, finally, and Grian zoned back in. "Are you here?" He asked, and suddenly Grian could feel a weight on his hands, something pressing against his back.

It felt.. *strangely* like a human chest.

The outsides of his arms felt like something was rubbing against them, too, and suddenly his hands were pushing the strange thing across the board.

"He said *Hello*." Mumbo said, although he looked shocked. "He's using you to—" Mumbo whispered before gently laughing. "Oh, that's *horrifying*."

"Well. That's—*okay*." He said, blinking gently. That was certainly confirmation that someone else was here. He couldn't, well, read. So, *naturally*, he didn't know how to spell. Hello. He had spelt *Hello*. And he couldn't even picture what that word might look like in his *head*.

"Hello, Spirit in Grian's apartment." Mumbo said, a grin spread across his face. They both sat at the kitchen Island on opposite sides, candles surrounding them. "What do we want to say, *Grian*?" Mumbo asked immediately, flashing his eyes up.

Though, Grian didn't get the chance to respond. The candles around them flickered, the candles going out for a second before the flame reappeared. Mumbo *gawked*, eyes going wide.

And Grian began to push the thing below his fingers again, something pressing against his back as it moved him.

"Mumbo—what is he saying?" Grian *whispered*, and God, this was *weird*. He swore he could feel something breathing against his neck.

"He said your name." Mumbo said. "Or. *Spelt*." He mumbled, a nervous chuckle spilling from his lips. "Grian he's—*really* responsive. He's like, *here*."

Grian didn't know how to tell Mumbo that he knew.

"My *name*?" Grian whispered again, not quite able to speak fully. He felt strangely warm, but *also* cold—he felt fully there, and, *well*, not at all.

"Yeah." Mumbo said, eyes scanning over Grian, a worried expression spread across his face. But Grian *smiled*, a wide and faux happy smile, flashing his teeth to show he was okay. And Mumbo *accepted* it. "Do you want to speak with Grian?" He asked.

And, his hands moved *again*.

"Grian, your spirit wants to speak to you." Mumbo chuckled, and Grian took in a deep breath. Oh wow. *This—he* was semi-freaking out about this. *This* was weird.

And suddenly, he felt *nothing*.

The thing underneath his and Mumbo's fingers was pulled away, though.

Mumbo jerked back—Grian did as well, his fingertips feeling *strangely* hot.

But the thing was still moving across the board.

"*Scar?*" Mumbo mumbled, and he looked about ready to *pass out*—and Grian felt like he was about to pass out, too.

Scar.. why did- why did Mumbo just say that? That was a *weird* thing to say.

"Mumbo? Why'd you say scar?" Grian said, finally finding his voice again. He blinked, looking around the room.

He was never letting Mumbo talk him into something like this *again*. This was *not* worth it, the ghost could've kept stealing toast and Grian would've *not* cared. He wouldn't of even questioned it, had he known *this* would've happened.

"Huh?" Mumbo mumbled, watching as it moved across the board again. "Grian, I think he's trying to *say*—."

And Mumbo fell silent. And he smiled. He looked up towards Grian, snorted, and shook his head in disbelief. "His name is *Scar*. He said hello," fell from his lips.

"Hello, *Scar*." Grian said, an awkward smile forming on his own lips. He waved gently.

The strange thing moved again—actually, it looked a bit like a *heart*, a glass circle on the thin end of it.

"*What*." Mumbo said, blinking as he read the word. "That—*doesn't* spell a word, *Scar*." He said, and sounded confident enough. The thing moved again, and continued to move, *rapidly* across the board—

And *wow, that seemed excessive*, Grian thought.

"What's he saying, Mumbo?" Grian asked again.

Mumbo blinked, eyes still looking towards the board. The thing stopped moving, Grian stared towards it.

"I think *he's-*," Mumbo said, licking his lips before chuckling. Genuinely *chuckling*. Wait, what the heck was funny? "He's trying to say the word *gorgeous*."

Grian *blinked*.

"Trying to?" He shot back.

"He can't spell." Mumbo snorted, watching as the heart shaped thingy began to move across the board again. "*Handsome?*" Mumbo questioned.

Grian grinned immediately.

"He's talking about your dashing mustache." He said, sporting a confident nod.

Mumbo scoffed immediately, black eyes glancing up towards him. "Oh, *is he*, Grian?" He said, smiling as he jokingly batted his eyes.

"Yes." He said, tilting his head to the side. "I think *Scar* should help me *steal* it."

The heart thing moved again. Grian stared up towards where Scar must've been standing, trying to stare. Maybe he'd see his figure. Some how. Some way.

"Huh. He said your name *again*." He said, skipping a beat before speaking again. "Grian. He's *flirting* with you." He said, and Grian *instantly* shot his head towards Mumbo.

"*What?*" He asked.

"Your spirit *is*—." Mumbo began, and the candles flickered, drawing Grian's eyes to the board once again. And the heart was moving across the board, fast and steady and efficient.

"Did you mean *roommates*?" Mumbo asked, glancing towards where, once again, Scar must've been.

"*Roommates?*" Grian mumbled, flashing his eyes towards Mumbo.

"He spelt it out." Mumbo said. "*Kind of*. He was missing a letter."

Roommates. Now, how would *that* make sense. Grian stared towards the Ouija board, and it was now perfectly still. *Roommates..* that only made sense if he was asking about *Mumbo*. If Scar was asking if Mumbo was his *roommate*.

"Do you think he's asking about *us*?" Grian immediately mumbled under his breath as soon as the thought formed.

The heart moved, just twice.

"He would've spelled out yes if he meant us." He said, and apparently yes is more than twice. *Good to know*, Grian thought, *as if it helped him in anyway*.

"He spelt out us?" Grian whispered. "So. He means *me* and him?"

Grian stared at where Scar would've been, smiling gently at the empty space.

"He said *yes*, Grian." Mumbo said, and Grian nodded.

"Well.. I mean—you *obviously* live here, don't you, Scar?" He said, tilting his head to the side. Sure, he couldn't pay rent, but Grian didn't need someone to help out on rent. "I don't feel comfortable kicking you out of your house."

"Scar. *Uhm*. Is that- that cat who stays on the *balcony*-" He asked, looking towards the board. It moved again. "What's it spelling out?"

"*Jellie!*" Mumbo said. "Awh. That's *adorable*. Grian, that's a *cute* cat name." Mumbo said, glancing up with a gentle smile. "That's *downright* adorable, is that the cat on your *balcony*?"

"*Oh!* Her name is *Jellie?*" Grian said. "What a nice name." He added, glancing towards Mumbo before smiling. Mumbo kept his eyes on the board. "Yes. Jellie is the cat on the balcony, that fluffy white one in my blankets."

"He's said you're *nice*, Grian." Mumbo said, a gentle look of awe spread across his face. "This is *genuinely* so cool. I can't believe we're talking to your dead roommate." He said, an

amused tone in his voice. "We should have *weekly* seances." He added, and Grian couldn't quite tell if it was a *joke* or not.

Though, Mumbo quickly squinted, staring at the board before frowning. "Yes," he said slowly, listing each word individually, "*Jellie. Food.*" He hesitated, a gentle look of confusion stretching across his face. "What's he *talking* about?" Mumbo asked.

"Oh." Grian mumbled, licking his lips. "You know the cat?" He asked, his heart racing for—some weird reason.

"*Yeah.*" Mumbo said softly.

"She's not mine," He said, and Mumbo already *knew* that, "but I've been feeding her," and Mumbo *didn't* know that. "Would you like it if she were in the house, Scar?" He asked.

"Yes." Mumbo said. "He said yes." He said, a shocked expression sprawled across his face, as if he thought Grian was insane. And *maybe* he was, but he had Jellie now—and banishing her dead owner from the apartment just seemed *cruel!* "You're seriously going to be roommates with this *ghost?*" He asked.

"Well." Grian said, skipping a beat before *shrugging*. "He hasn't been doing anything bad, Mumbo."

"*Right.*" Mumbo nodded, looking as if he were thinking it through. "He's just been *stealing* things in your apartment." He said, in a *casual* tone, and suddenly he squinted. "Grian, *he's been stealing things from your apartment.*" Mumbo repeated again, a much more *wait, think this through* type tone leaving his lips.

"And placing them on the balcony." Grian said, and really, he's thought this through. Sure, he really doesn't *want* to be surrounded by anything that isn't of the norm, but—imagine losing your life, and then you're a *ghost* who's been evicted from your apartment, and your *cat* gets to stay in the apartment! "Probably for Jellie."

"Oh. Right." Mumbo said. "It's been blankets?" he questioned.

"*Mostly*." He admits. "Sometimes pillows. She's probably been cold."

"*Huh*." Mumbo said, and left it at that.

"Scar, I'm going to end this seance, but you're welcomed to stay around." He said, feeling an almost *overwhelming* positive energy around him. "I accept you as my roommate." He admitted, and the energy became *definitely* overwhelming. "Anyone who isn't Scar is not welcomed to stick around, *shoo*." He said softly, watching as the board said.. something.

Grian could guess it was probably spelling out goodbye. Yet, Mumbo kept staring, a look of *surprise* in his eyes.

"Goodbye Scar!" He said, humming gently before glancing back up to Mumbo. "Mumbo, you *can-*." He said, Mumbo quickly finishing Grian's sentence.

"*Ah*. Yeah. I'll.. *yeah-*." He mumbled, grabbing the heart shaped board. Grian placed his hands on it as well, looking away as Mumbo moved it around, ending the game and saying goodbye.

Seconds passed, silence filled with a steady feeling of comfort. It was peaceful, and—*now* that Grian understood what Scar's energy felt like..

Well. He definitely knew Scar was here with him.

"*So*." Mumbo whispered.

"I told you." Grian said, a small grin forming across his face as he stared across the kitchen Island into Mumbo's pitch black eyes.

"He's actually like, our age." Mumbo said. "And maybe *dyslexic*?" He added, blinking *once, twice*, before slowly nodding to himself.

"Scar is a nice name." He said. "I'll keep *him*. And Jellie, too."

Mumbo squinted, standing up. Grian quickly followed suit.

"Are you sure *Maui* will be okay with her?" He asked, walking towards the living room. Quickly, Grian followed, glancing around for Maui—who was stretching, coming out of the bedroom, walking down the hall. He rushed into the living room, immediately jumping on the couch.

"Yeah." Grian said, knowing fully well that he *wouldn't* be. But, he wouldn't do anything, either. He was *Maui*. Grian's own *familiar*. He couldn't hurt Jellie even if he tried—he'd *never* get treats ever again.

Grian smiled, walking towards the glass door before reaching out and opening it. Jellie was in her blanket, almost snoring—but she saw something inside, perking her head up before rushing in.

"Hello, *sweetheart*." Grian said, chuckling as she rubbed her side against his legs, purring quite heavily as Grian closed the glass door.

He felt two hands on him, *directly* on his hips, before the light ghost of air hit the shell of his ear.

'*She likes you.*' A voice says, and it's *terrifyingly* loud, but Grian's positive Mumbo doesn't hear it.

When Grian wakes up the next morning, he finds *Jellie* staring directly at him, her tail swaying. Maui is nowhere to be found, though that's *expected*—he's Maui, and Maui barely got along with *himself*.

Grian simply smiled, lazily sitting up before reaching out and scratching behind her ears. She let out a *pleasant* purr, stretching out towards him before digging her claws into Grian's comforter.

That's how his day starts after a seance, his life is back to normal—he just has another cat that he'll be taking care of, and in all honesty, he doesn't really mind. Jellie is adorable and surprisingly well behaved.

Scar must've been a *good* owner.

When he wakes up, he gets out of bed and stumbles into the hallway—he lets his feet guide him to the bathroom, closing the door behind him before taking off his pajamas. He's still groggy, sleep still in his eyes, and he wants nothing more than a nice calming shower.

And he gets just that.

A normal, *comfortable* shower: it wakes him up better than coffee. Grian was a painfully simple man, one who indulged himself in the comfort of a wonderful morning shower every single day—and he couldn't help but be pleasantly surprised at the fact that nothing had changed.

Sure, he had an otherworldly roommate, but surely he'd see Scar even less than *before* the seance. Right?

His shower was perfect, and he stepped out of it with a giant grin—and he reached for the red towel he had on his towel rack.

His hand missed, grabbing onto *nothing*.

He glanced around the bathroom *and—nothing*. Oh. He must've left it in his room yesterday—and he hadn't done the laundry yet. He only owned a few towels, being a single guy living alone and all.

So he picks up the t-shirt he had been wearing as his pajamas and balled it up, covering the area in-between his legs before opening his bathroom door, quickly rushing to his bedroom.

Because he *had* been a single guy living alone, up until he got this apartment.

Unfortunately, things stop being so normal.

He can't find his towel. It's definitely not in his room. He spends a good ten minutes looking, *muttering* under his breath as he walks around, not *quite* clothed.

Thankfully, Jellie had left his room, so he's alone—or *so he thinks*—and after ten minutes he finds himself realizing he's being *ridiculous*.

It's probably in his laundry bin. It's just a towel. He's probably misplaced it, and it's not weird.

So he drops it and gets dressed.

He can't help but remember that he desperately needs to go to the grocery store—and it's *Thursday*, so he might as well go Today before the weekend rush. And it's early, so he might

as well go find Maui and put him in his tote bag and go.

He does just that, too, and Maui *barely* complains when Grian reminds him of the turkey flavored wet cat food he'd be getting soon. It's not *normal*, but Grian will take it—after all, he doesn't want to *invite* more weird things to happen.

Then he can't find his *keys*. He knows he placed them on the counter last night, right after Mumbo had cleaned up his kitchen. He *always* kept his keys in the kitchen—it was just something that made *sense* to him.

And suddenly, he throws being *normal* out the window.

"Scar? I need my keys." He says to nothing but the thin air. Yet he *knows* Scar is around, he has to be, because his towel went missing and so did his keys—and sure, he could've just misplaced them, but he knows. He can feel it. It was Scar. "I have to go to the grocery store." He says, standing in the kitchen, waiting for something to happen.

His magnetic sticky note list he's been working on for groceries was torn off. It floated in the air, heading over to the garbage. Which, *rude*. Not that it mattered much. He had gotten Maui to write it for him—something his familiar could *apparently* do despite being a cat—and that most likely meant it didn't have anything he needed like usual.

A blue pen was picked up from off the castle, floating in mid air as it headed towards the Fridge. Blue words began to appear on the paper, letter by letter.

"*Scar*." He mumbled, watching as more and more symbols that he couldn't understand began to appear. The lines blended in together, wobbling back and forth—he squinted hard, trying to make something, anything out before throwing his head back with a *bitter* sigh.

Well.

He needed his keys, and obviously, Scar was trying to communicate—the blue ball point pen still floating in the air.

He unzipped his tote bag, pulling it open. "Uh. *Maui*." He said gently, watching as his familiar stuck its head out of the tote.

He had been more out in the open ever since last night's seance. Maui had even sat on the couch with him and Mumbo while they rewatched a silly superhero movie that was low budget and awful—it was a tradition between him and Mumbo. His favorite character was *GNF*, the goggle wearing superhero—and Mumbo preferred the foul mouthed villain, *Red*, who was an eighteen year old troublemaker with a *talent* for swearing. The worst part? They were fighting over an *egg*. A red one. With *weird* vines.

It was a *horrible* movie.

Grian heard there was going to be a second one *focusing* on the villain red, and Mumbo was *painfully* excited.

"I'm here." Maui said, purring gently.

"Hello, pretty kitty." Grian hummed out, giving him a gentle scratch behind the ears.

Yet, Maui stopped purring, staring towards the fridge. "Why are we still *here*?" He asked, a confused expression sprawled across his face.

"It's- *well*," Grian mumbled. "I need you to read the list on the fridge." He asked, and Maui perked his ears up.

"It says- buy eggs, butter, tomatoes, fresh vegetables, fresh fruit, multiple types of pasta, oil and-." Maui began to list off. Each new item made Grian *cringe*.

He couldn't cook. Not really at least. He normally bought cereal, canned soups *and—well*, easy things to cook. *Like frozen dinners.*

"But it'll go to waste." Grian said, cutting Maui off.

And Maui was *about* to speak, Grian knew he was. He was about to say something along the lines of, *well, I know that, Grian—tell Mumbo to stop touching your things*, but he didn't because the yellow paper was torn off, placed on the counter.

The pen began to write on the fridge notepad again.

"He's asking why I'm reading for you." Maui said, and he didn't need to be mentioned. Grian knew it was Scar, Maui knew it was Scar.

Actually, he was fairly certain Maui could *see* Scar. Weren't cats good at that kind of thing? Seeing spirits? And—Maui was familiar.

Grian instantly asked out loud. "Hey, as my familiar, couldn't you *just* speak to him-." He mumbled, staring towards the floating pen.

"Not quite." Maui stated. "I *can* see him, though." The cat confirmed, purring gently from out of nowhere. And Grian could see his fur move, something invisible touching him.

"What's he look like?" Grian asked, voice barely a whisper.

He was *curious*. He knew Scar was a man, that Scar must've been *somewhere* in his twenties—but he couldn't *physically* see him. He wasn't a medium. Or a witch. He was *normal*.

He wasn't speaking at a floating pen in the kitchen.

The pen moved again, the notepad spelled out yet another phrase. Maui let out a soft meow before laughing, as if *something* were funny.

"He says to tell you he's handsome." Maui said, voice still full of giggles—and Grian couldn't help but roll his eyes, shake his head and let out a small *pathetic* laugh too.

He was going crazy, talking to some ghost in his kitchen.

"*Is he?*" Grian said, entertaining the idea for a moment. If he was going crazy, he might as well take the whole apartment with him to the asylum—he might as well give into his delusions, since they clearly aren't leaving him alone.

Maui purred, stretching inside the tote bag, head still poking out. He hesitated, as if genuinely debating the question.

"He's shirtless." Maui answered, and instantly Grian snorted.

"*Scar!*" He said, grinning from ear to ear. A shirtless ghost in his kitchen—God, that was ridiculous. "Just because I can't see you doesn't mean you can get around without wearing clothes." He said, puffing out his cheeks before snorting.

"He's got brown hair. His eyes are glowing green. He's.. *well*. He's not *unattractive*." Maui said, which threw Grian off—because if Maui wasn't insulting his appearance, this had to be some sort of *dream*. Or Scar was a ridiculously hot ghost who just decided to haunt his apartment.

"You've been interested in men who've looked like him before-." Maui added, and Grian felt himself turn *scarlet*.

"Maui! Don't say *that*-." He quickly said, glancing away from the pen—looking down at Maui and not daring to look up.

Great. Now the Ghost who had been flirting with him yesterday thought Grian had a type. He did not have a *type*! He didn't have a *type*—brown fluffy hair was just a *requirement* for any guy he found attractive. That wasn't *weird*! Maui was making it *sound* weird—

"Scar. *I'm*," he mumbled, rubbing the back of his head with his free hand. "I *can't* read." He admitted, an attempt to change the conversation topic before it carried on.

When he glanced up, the notepad had been written on again.

"He's asking if you're a wizard." Maui said, and if a cat could, he'd roll his eyes.

"I don't identify as one, *no*." Grian said with a small smile. "But, *well*- magical things happen around me." He admitted, shrugging his shoulders with a small toothy grin.

He watched as his pen moved again—the final time he'd see it move Today—and glanced down at Maui to figure out what he had said.

Maui stared back up towards him, tilting his head to the side. "He says sorry." Maui said, and Grian just stared.

"He's.. *apologizing*?" Grian mumbled, as if trying to process the information. As if what Maui had just said didn't make sense.

And it didn't. *Scar didn't need to apologize*. Why was he apologizing?

He had to have been hearing things. Grian was almost sure of it. This didn't make sense—Scar had *nothing* to apologize for. *Why was he apologizing*.

(Grian knew why.

He *knew*.

He wasn't *stupid*, he wasn't—he *knew*. Scar *knew* he was text-blind. Scar *knew* what Maui was, he wasn't weirded out over a talking cat. Scar *knew* what being text-blind was. He didn't even need to say it. Or, well, write it.

Grian *knew*, because all of his life, people had been apologetic the moment they knew. It was a painful consistent, a reminder of his ridiculous disability—and he hated it. Any witch he had ever met reminded him of it the moment they found out.

I'm so sorry, your magic must be painfully limited.

Oh, that's horrible—you poor thing, so you can't read spells? You've never been able to brew a potion?

What could you possibly use your essence on, then? What can you do, Grian?

And all of those interactions ended in apologies.

Grian had done *fine* in School, he had someone read it out to him. He worked with partners—he managed *fine*. He had never once been fully limited. He just needed someone to scribe for him, occasionally, when he had to hand in written work.

And most teachers had allowed him to do PowerPoints and presentations: they just accepted that he was *heavily* dyslexic and had no clue how to spell. Grian only went to School with his sister up until the second grade, and then he requested to go to a normal School.

He was a *good* student, he graduated with great marks—he went on to go to University, he became an Architect, he owns a well off company.

If he wanted to, he could live in complete luxury.

It's not bad, he's not ashamed of his ridiculous magic disability. His mother was *successful*. It wasn't ever question in his mind if he would be successful. He knew he would.

Grian had *never* been able to read, he didn't know what it was like to be able to read—he didn't need it, he found ways to work around it. It wasn't *life changing*, not now with so much technology available right at his fingertips.

He didn't need an apology.

Though, as much as he hated them.. for some reason, Scar's felt genuine. It didn't feel like he was apologizing for his disability. It felt..

It almost felt like Scar was apologizing for asking about it.)

"Oh. No, Scar, it's okay—Maui reads for me all the time." Grian whispered out, pink spreading onto his cheeks. "Listen, I'll go buy those groceries, okay? The list you remade for me." He said, quickly turning around and heading towards the door that let him get out of his apartment.

Strangely enough, he finds his keys in his sneakers.

When Grian puts his groceries away, he heads to the living room and works on the blueprints he's been taking back to his apartment every night. They're sprawled out on his coffee table, a pencil in his hand.

It's *awful*.

He's trying to figure out what this building *should* look like. He can't get it down. And Mumbo needs it by the end of the week, Grian can't keep putting back the deadline. They're launching their new technology in *less* than a month, and even Mumbo who can work miracles can't make the impossible happen. If they want to build something impressive to launch their new technology in, they need the *blueprints*.

It's going to be an *all nighter*, Grian thinks. There's no way it won't be. And it makes him slightly angry, it makes him feel ashamed—if he hadn't kept putting off because he was moving into a new apartment he'd be laughing right now.

He can do this, though. He still has well over seventy two hours to pull this off, and he now officially has enough food to survive for the next few weeks, given he can learn how to cook it. And he won't be able to. He knows he won't be able to.

And it's okay, because at least it makes his new roommate happy. That way Grian can work on this alone, without being interrupted by anyone but the cats.

Thirty minutes and it's not going well, he can't do anything impressive with marble like Mumbo wants. It's not interesting enough, not quite the giant building they're going for. It doesn't scream Sahara. It just, *well*. It's *interesting*. But it's not good.

And that's when the *weirdest* thing in the world happens.

He smells something delicious and, to his surprise, when he finally forces himself to get up, when he steps into the kitchen, he sees a homemade spaghetti dinner with a salad already pre-plated for him, the leftovers already put away—and no *note* to read.

Grian can't express how thankful he is.

"Hello pretty kitty." Grian says, staring towards Jellie. She's on his couch, five feet away from him, *kindly* minding her own business. *Yet* Grian's struggling with these blueprints, painfully *trying* and *trying* and *trying*.

And he keeps coming up blank, no matter what he *tries* to do—so he decides he needs a distraction, and Jellie is *right there* waiting for him, happily purring as she stretches out in her spot.

"You seem to like that spot." He says, and he knows she does, because she claimed it the moment she moved in. "Is Scar sitting there with you?" He asked, smiling towards her.

Grian hears a pencil scratching against paper and immediately looks down.

Lines start to form on his blueprints, on one of the many parts he had been trying to work on—mastering the shape of the building. Which he couldn't seem to do. He could barely design it as it was: this obnoxious self-inflicted rushing against the deadline stuff killed him.

He watches as Scar begins to draw, a soft smile pressed against his lips. Soon, Grian can start to make out a building, and—Scar is *surprisingly* good at drawing.

"Huh. That looks.." He mumbles, taking his time, continuing to watch Scar fill the page with more lines. "More like.. *an Egyptian build*." He whispered. Well- could that work? Not.. really. He had to build it with Marble, or at least that was what Mumbo was aiming for. "I mean, It's being *built* with marble and-." He whispered, trying to politely say, *no Scar, sorry, this won't work*.

Yet instead a different piece of paper is picked up, placed back down directly in front of Grian. The pencil draws a nice big circle around a prototype door Grian had been thinking about.

A *waterfall*.

Call him crazy—but if they could *somewhat* get the water to split enough whenever someone began to approach, *well..* the business was *partly* founded on technology!

"You agree? I know, right! The splitting waterfall doors would be *so* impressive—" Grian said with a small smile. "*Especially* with the glowing lights I've drawn."

He could feel a hand place itself on his upper arm, pulling him into a solid wall of what *must've* been invisible muscle. Grian could feel the hand squeeze gently.

"Maybe instead of building it with marble.. Mumbo and Iskall haven't said anything specific—they just want to be *blown* away." He said, speaking out loud, but mostly saying the words to himself. Yet, he added a bit of context for Scar. "It's supposed to be for the grand re-opening of Sahara and our newest technology."

The paper was flipped over, a giant question mark appearing on the back of it. Grian snorted, shaking his head gently.

"It's our company." He said softly. "Uh, *well—I* was thinking," He added, thinking out loud yet again. "If we're *not* making this look super *modern*- how about we make it modern day *Egyptian King sheek?*" He asked, and instantly felt another squeeze on his arm. The other paper from before, the one with a now loose design was pulled closer, graphite lines beginning to form once again.

Scar drew, making Grian's ideas come to life.

"Have areas where white sand is- *visible*, maybe not *touchable*. The waterfall door. Some palm trees- maybe an *oasis*, the stage could be a platform.. *a construction platform!* Maybe even a *pyramid*—*the* servers could wear clothing styled in the time period *and-*." He rambled on, losing track of *time*—he hadn't even exactly noticed that Scar was *still* drawing, not until he looked down towards the paper, a look of awe in his eyes.

Wow.

It looked gorgeous.

"Oh." He mumbled. "Thank you, Scar—" he whispered gently, "you're really good at drawing."

He felt his arm be gently slapped, a small giggle escaping his lips. Scar continued to add detail, and this time, Grian stayed focused on him.

"Yes! Exactly like that- and ooh, a visible upper glass platform?" He semi-asked. "Like.. oh. *That'd* look cool. We could have the waterfall up there too, surrounding the whole upper half of the building-." He said, leaning into Scar as he spoke.

Pure art showed up on the paper, nothing short of perfect—and yet Scar was calmly sketching it all out with one hand. Grian could still feel the other one on his arm.

"You're a *genius*." Grian whispered. "An Egyptian build for Sahara." He said, and it really did made sense—Grian couldn't believe he hadn't seen it before. He was ridiculous, really. Yet, still, he smirked, a gentle teasing tone brushing past his lips. "You read the logo, didn't you?" He asked, grinning from ear to ear.

And if a check mark with a ridiculous looking sketch of who he could only assume was *Scar* showed up in the corner, then *maybe*, just *maybe*, he had officially let the *unknown* win.

He falls asleep and somehow ends up in his bed, even though he's fairly certain he fell asleep on the couch. Yet, it's starting to become normal. There's an almost domestic feeling, the smell of freshly cooked pancakes wafting towards him.

It's a blessing that his paranormal roommate pays his way in home-cooked meals that make Grian's mouth water. They're absolutely delicious—Scar cooks amazing food. And, Grian doesn't mind spending extra on groceries if it means he's eating healthy for the first time in his adult life.

There's something about getting out of bed, sleep still clinging to his eyes as he stumbles into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. There's something growing strangely familiar about tearing off his clothes, hoping into the shower, and getting out only to search for yet *another* missing towel.

"Scar, I'm going out tonight—can you keep an eye on the house?" He asks, because of *course* he does—he's started regularly talking to Scar. Like it's *normal*. Like he was a *real* roommate.

And, sure, maybe Grian can't *see* him—but Scar is *obviously* there. Grian didn't suddenly learn to cook amazing dinners and, well, he had never heard of someone breaking and entering just to make delicious food.

Unfortunately, *Tonight*, Grian would probably be settling for mediocre food.

He wore a white dress suit and black dress pants—the buttons on the shirt were partly undone, but he made sure the collar seemed *sophisticated* enough.

There was a small red floating box in front of him, though, as he tried to step out the door.

"*Oh.*" Grian mumbled, raising his brow before gently running his tongue over his lips.
"What's this for?" He asked, staring towards where Scar should've been.

'*Yours.*' He heard a voice that wasn't quite there, smiling gently at the tone. Scar's voice, although rare, was something Grian could listen to forever. It was, in a way, *ridiculously* calming.

Grian smiled, gently grabbing the red box, taking the lid off before glancing at what was inside. A beautiful *green crystal heart* necklace stared back at him.

"A *necklace?*" He questioned, mouth gently falling open from surprise. It took him a second to *reboot*, the gift a total random surprise—and it was *beautiful*. *Rarely* did Grian wear jewelry, but.. for some reason he felt himself growing *instantly* attached to the necklace.

" .. Will you help me put it on, Scar?" He asked, holding the box back out to Scar. It was snatched up instantly, and Grian could feel a slight breeze as Scar walked behind him, helping Grian put on the necklace. Grian could feel a familiar breath against his neck, and he felt comfortable.

He felt at *home*.

"Thank you." He said softly, placing his fingers on the necklace with a small smile. "Wish me luck, I'm showcasing our blueprints tonight with Mumbo." He added, turning around to at

least speak towards Scar's face, even if he couldn't quite see it.

And instead Grian feels a hand placing itself on his hip.

For a moment he can't move.

".. I'll be back for *dinner* in an hour." He said softly. "I can skip the company one if *you-*." He added, and then he felt it. A gentle heat against his cheek, the ghost of a hand, before he's able to *move* again.

The hand stays in place, and Grian swears he can feel Scar's *thumb* rub against his *jaw*.

"You're *jealous*." Grian points out, mouth wide open—and it hits him like a bus, it strikes him to his core. He feels another hand on his other cheek as if it were a yes. As if Scar confirmed it, freely agreeing with Grian. He's *jealous*. Jealous of *Mumbo*.

And he doesn't want Grian to leave.

Yet, Grian *has* to. It's his job. But that doesn't mean he won't be back as *soon* as he *possibly* can.

Because suddenly, Grian finds himself *not wanting to go*.

"I'm not *interested* in Mumbo, Scar." He says softly. The hands squeeze his face ever so slightly. "Currently, I'm not seeing *anyone*." He adds.

And he can feel his necklace gently heating up.

Grian's Grian, and that means he can't help but smile, can't help but lean into Scar's hands and bat his eyes. "Is this *jealousy* because you've learnt you *apparently* look like my type?" He asks, grinning from ear to ear.

He hears Scar's voice again, as smooth as butter, gently whispering into his ear. '*I am your type.*' He says, and Grian can't even deny it.

The worst part is, he hadn't even *seen* Scar. No, he's fallen for good cooking and—*and Scar.*

"So." Mumbo says one day, a glass of tea in his hands. They're sitting in the Architect lobby Mumbo designed ages ago. "You're telling me your problem is that you *can't* see Scar." He says. Grian *immediately* nods.

It's been a *huge* problem. He's been *obsessively* thinking about it for days now—and it doesn't help that, well, Scar keeps *touching* him. His *waist*, his *hips*, his *face*—Grian can't help but feel his heart rush whenever he felt that familiar heat graze against his skin.

He wanted to know what Scar *looked* like. He wanted to be able to, *somewhat*, touch him back.

"Well, he's *everywhere*." Grian said, tapping the side of his own mug with his nails. "I mean-." He *whispered*, glancing out the window.

Mumbo sighed. "Yeah. I'm busy watching contractors build our blueprints, *Grian-*." He said, as if trying to remind him about the ever so important showcasing of new Sahara technology.

And sure. It was *important*, Grian knew that better than anybody.

But Scar was racing through his mind.

"He helped with those." He whispered, smiling ever so slightly as he looked into his mug.

Mumbo raised a brow, rubbing his finger over his mustache, nervously tugging at the strands of hair near the bottom portion of his right lip. He curled the already single curled hair around his finger. "He did?" Mumbo whispered, staring forwards as he spoke. He wasn't exactly staring into Grian's eyes, just—*forwards*

"Yeah." Grian whispered back.

A *deflated* sigh slipped from Mumbo's lips immediately. He frowned, glancing towards Grian's eyes before letting out a loud groan. "... *ugh*." He mumbled. "*Fine*. I'll see if I know somebody who knows somebody—do you think your sister *might*-?" He began, and suddenly it clicked.

Gemini.

"Oh my *God*." Grian said, voice raising to full volume again. "You're right, *she-*." He said, stopping mid-sentence before smiling like a fool.

"But you don't want to explain your invisible *ghost boyfriend* to anyone else." Mumbo added, and Grian's smile fell just as soon as it had planted on his face. He *gawked* at Mumbo, frowning ever so slightly.

"He's not my *boyfriend!*" Grian said—because Scar *wasn't*. "And- *well..*" He added, because.. Mumbo *wasn't* wrong. *Well*. He was wrong in *plenty of ways*—but Grian didn't want to tell *Gemini* about Scar if he didn't have to.

Mumbo hummed, a small smile forming onto his lips. "How about we go pay her a visit together?"

Mumbo brings his sister a fifty year old bottle of aged red wine, *because she's a witch*, he says. *Because I don't want to be hexed for being rude*, he adds, fully knowing that anything was a possibility. After all, Grian had a ghost for a roommate—who he couldn't quite stop thinking about, no matter how hard he tried.

"So. You're trying to see a spirit?" Gem asked, staring towards them both. Her light green eyes peered into Grian's soul, ginger hair done up in some loose braid. She had all sorts of crystals and rings and things on her.

She really did look like some sort of modern day witch.

"Yeah. He's been messing with my stuff lately, Tay." Mumbo admitted, rubbing the back of his neck with a gentle shrug. He had taken off his suit jacket in the car, rolled up his sleeves and, well, did his best to look as relaxed as possible. He hadn't loosened the tie this time, much to Grian's *surprise*.

"Grian, as glad as I am that you brought Mumbo to me—" Grain said, and suddenly the attention was being dumped onto him. Instantly, Grian began to *panic*. "I thought you said you *weren't* getting into witchcraft."

"I'm not." He immediately blurted out, a nervous feeling creeping up into his stomach. *And, well, Technically, that was the truth*. One time wasn't *getting into witchcraft*. He just, needed something that worked. It wasn't *getting into witchcraft* if he wasn't doing it himself, too. He was.. just going to give Scar a drink.

Or something.

Or something, his brain mumbled, as if this *wasn't* the strangest situation he had ever found himself in. Attracted to a *ghost*, who he couldn't see. And he was trying to fix that problem. With *witchcraft*.

"Sure." Gem's voice rang out, and maybe, *maybe* he had lost his mind.

"Well, do you want him permanently visible, Mumbo?" Gem asked, a curious tone in her voice. Every so often she'd glance behind Grian, as if looking out the window, just in case another customer decided they wanted to come in. "We could aim for that." She said, "I can't exactly *promise* it. I mean, I've been able to make certain spirits visible before, *but*-."

Mumbo, with a small glaze of *anxiety* filled sweat coursing down his forehead, cut Gem off with an attempt at a *confident* smile. "*Permanently* would be nice." Mumbo quickly mused. He skipped a beat, tapping his fingers against the desk before grinning. "He's like a roommate, really."

"Ah. Casper the *friendly* ghost." Gem nodded immediately, smiling towards Mumbo like a patient teacher would.

"So you'd be able to..?" Grian began, losing his words half way through—yet, *clearly*, Gem didn't mind.

She smiled gently, tilting her head to the side before grinning. "Yes, Grian. You can watch, *really*." She said, her tone far more excited than her words let on. "I think.. a charm as well as a potion would be our best bet. We could enchant the charm as a back-up?" She added, nodding to herself.

And, well, it felt like the world had just been taken off his shoulders. Gem could do this. Gem could give Scar the possibility of—of being visible.

"That'd be delightful, Gem. *Uh.*" Mumbo said, tapping his finger against the front desk again. "A charm. *Hm.* Could it be anything?" He asked, tilting his head to the side.

"Yes." Gem replied instantly. "I'll have you pick something out, that way it'll be better connected to your spirit—I'm sure you're both aware of each other." She said, looking behind Grian again. "I even suspect you've been *communicating.*"

"Ah. *Well.*" Mumbo mumbled. "Yeah. *Decently close.*" He said, though he couldn't quite change the tone of his voice so that it didn't sound like a complete and utter awkward lie. "Uhm. So, you'll brew the potion, *we'll* go shopping?" He finally finished, pointing towards Grian and himself as he said *we'll*.

"Yes." She said, quickly grabbing a black plastic glove from out of her pocket. "One second." He said, her voice barely above a whisper before she put her hand inside the glove. Immediately after, with the gloved hand, she pulled out one of Grian's strands of hair.

"*Ouch!*" Grian hissed, his eyes instantly narrowing, shooting a small glare towards his sister. "Gem-." He began.

"Grian, *don't complain.*" Gem quickly said, voice calm and reasonable. As if she hadn't just all too casually stolen a strand of Grian's hair. "I'm just *borrowing* a strand." She added.

Borrowing, Grian wanted to scoff. It wasn't like she could exactly return it now, could she? "*Of my hair!*" Grian said, as if he were trying to remind her to at least *ask*. Yet, she didn't catch that, *no*, not at all.

Instead she smiled, a *devilish* smile appearing across her lips.

"For the potion." She said, painfully innocent sounding.

And then Grian realized, well, she shouldn't need his hair for the potion. Or, well, she might—but she should've been stealing from *Mumbo*.

"But it's Mumbo's *spiri-*." He tried to blurt out.

Yet gentle green eyes stared towards him, and Grian was man enough to admit when he had *lost*—Gem knew, *somehow*. Well. *Architech* was great at one thing and one thing *only*, individually—and it was *not* conning people into believing nonsense.

"*Sure*." Gem said.

And Grian was certain his sister knew.

"Ah. *Welp*." Mumbo said, face bleak as he walked out of the potion shop. "We *tried*." He said, shrugging his shoulders.

He was right. They *had* tried. And, well, Gemini still felt the need to say she *knew* it was Grian looking to make a spirit visible. It wasn't *fair* at all—he couldn't possibly begin to imagine the *relentless teasing* that was soon to come.

Yet.

If he was about to be relentlessly teased over this, then, well—

"How about we find a heart locket?" Grian quickly said out loud, glancing towards Mumbo before flashing a small smile. Mumbo curiously flashed a smile back, keeping pace with Grian as they began to walk down the street.

"*Why?*" Mumbo asked, and—well, other than Scar giving him a green heart necklace, he didn't exactly have a reason.

Yet he was wearing it now, the crystal necklace pressed against his chest, hidden underneath his sweatshirt. "*I don't know.*" He mumbled, glancing towards the shop windows as he passed by them. "I mean, *Jellie* has a yellow one on her collar-." He said, and Mumbo just snorted, wearing a soft smile.

"We could find a red one." Mumbo said.

"You *think*?"

"Sure."

When they came back, little red heart locket in hand, Gem *instantly* grabbed onto it, looking at it as if it were about to vanish before her eyes. As if any time soon, it'd disintegrate into *sand*.

"Cute." She mumbled, her lips slowly curling upwards. She nodded, glancing back towards Grian. Her eyes seemed softer than before, and all in all, she seemed fairly impressed. "Okay, I'll go and enchant this." She said, quickly cupping the necklace into the palm of her hand.

She turned around, heading towards the back. She was gone for just a moment before she came back, a glass bottle in hand. "Here's the potion." She said, green sparkling liquid floating around in the bottle with ease. "I've got a backup one just in case-." She added, but Grian couldn't help but think about his necklace.

"Why's it *green*?" He mumbled, raising a brow.

"*Dunno.*" Gem admitted, shrugging just as Grian grabbed the potion, checking the lid before sliding it into his bag. "That's what it decided to do. Magic has a mind of its own, Grian." She added, gently whistling as she pulled out the necklace again, holding it up to the light as if to inspect the enchantment she had put on it.

Mumbo leaned in closer to Grian, a gentle whisper escaping his lips. "*Are you sure your sister hasn't gone crazy?*" He asked, tilting his head to the side.

"*I heard that.*" Gem said. "Now, *here's* the necklace back," She added, lowering her hand before holding the necklace out towards Grian, who gently grabbed it, putting it back into the lilac jewelry box he had found at the store.

Gem leaned down, disappearing from view for a split second before she shot back up, a new fabric tote bag being held towards him as well. "And, here's a few crystals—they've already been charged, you just need to put your energy into them." She said, smiling from ear to ear. "Inside are cards that explain what the crystals do. I have written what the crystals look like on the back so you'll know what crystal does what."

"There is an evil eye—," She *continued* on. "Listen, your ghost roommate gives me *potential poltergeist* vibes—there's some sage for your house. *Just* in case. And- white candles. Put them in your room, Grian." She rattled off. "And don't argue with your sister."

"Uh- thank you, Gem." Grian said, attempting to sound as polite as possible. Great, he thought, more colorful rocks to sit in his bathroom cupboards. "Did you make the candles yourself?" He asked.

"Of course. They smell like lilac, like you love them." She all but sang out. "There's even a bonus crystal on *top* of them! It's *chevron amethyst*." She said, like Grian would be able to picture something like *that* in his head. "It'll help with *sleeping*."

"*Sleep?*" Grian asked, already knowing deep down that Gem was silently trying to scold him.

"I can see the bags under your eyes."

And Grian *wouldn't* mention that the bags were caused by Scar, that he had stayed up with him last night to watch *horror movie after horror movie*.

Grian *wouldn't*, because it wouldn't spare an *ounce* of what little pride he might've had left.

"Scar? I'm home." Grian calls out the moment he steps inside, a wonderful scent instantly hitting his nose. It's something he's *never* had before, that's for certain—it doesn't smell familiar at *all*. He kicks off his shoes and stumbles into the kitchen, a plate of.. flattened bread, rice and—he's pretty sure it's some sort of chicken with sauce. It kind of smells like *coconut*.

"Mhm- this smells *delicious*." He says, grinning from ear to ear. "I'm not.. quite sure what it is." He admits, because he's never explored eating food before, other than that one time he

put pineapples on his pizza, and instantly learnt he was allergic to *pineapple*. "But thank you." He said softly.

He desperately wished Scar was able to tell him what it was.

Two hands were placed on Grian's hips, a chest pressing against his back. He felt a chin resting on his shoulder.

"Oh, *Hello there* Scar." Grian said softly, smiling as heat began to rush to his face. "Feeling *clingy* Today, aren't we?" He asked, licking his lips. Grian feels air against the side of his neck and a curious tug on his tote bag.

"Oh? *What's this?*" He asked, smiling gently. "No, I didn't buy you groceries."

Suddenly, Scar couldn't be less interested in the bag. Instead, the plate on the kitchen Island moved closer to a chair, almost immediately after Grian lost his beloved extra warmth from Scar.

Grian nodded, heading towards the seat. It was pulled out for him, and he sat down instantly. The seat was pushed in for him by Scar as well.

Before he knows it, Scar is feeding him dinner, and it's slightly messy—Scar's not quite confident, the fork in his hand *wobbling*. And yet it's *delicious*. Grian really likes it.

"How are you *such* a great cook?" He says, after swallowing a bite of food down. He hesitated before zipping his tote bag open, slowly reaching into it before pulling out a small lilac box.

"*Here.*" He said, holding it out, his grip loose. "I got you a gift, Scar. *Uhm, it's- here.*" He whispered, heat climbing onto his cheeks again. He felt ridiculous giving Scar a necklace. *But-*

He feels himself get hugged- and suddenly he's being *lifted* off the seat. Scar doesn't even take the box immediately, and- well, it's *worth it*.

When he finishes dinner, when he goes into his room to retire for the night, he puts the *potion* on the desk in his room. It goes untouched.

And Grian wonders if he needs it.

After all, he already *has* Scar as he is—and, well, that's more than enough. He doesn't know if he could even possibly ask for more.

He can feel hands on him. They ghost over his *chest*, his *thighs*, his *stomach*—he feels *fingers dancing* on his ribs. He feels a hand rubbing at his underwear, he feels his cock grow painfully hard. He *grinds* down as the stranger pulls his fingers away, desperately trying to *beg* for more.

With the snap of his hips, he lets out a soft *mewl*, eyes steadily blinking open as he holds in a tired yawn. He's in bed, one arm wrapped around a pillow, the other pressed into his forehead, laying on his stomach and—he *experimentally* rolls his hips down again.

A moan spills from his lips, *quiet* and *needy* and *desperate*—and in his tired, *ridiculously* horny state, Grian can't quite remember the last time he had *gotten off*. It very well could've been before he moved into his haunted apartment.

Before he met Scar.

Who was a ridiculously *good* cook, *supposedly* handsome, *and—Grian* would be lying if his wet dream *hadn't* been about his new roommate.

It wasn't his fault if his hips rolled down again, *involuntarily* searching for friction—a desperate *whine* escaping his lips as soon as he found it. He rocked his hips forward, grinding against his mattress as he tried to *lazily* get himself off.

Yet, for some reason, the universe had a *different* plan.

Though, this time, Grian couldn't quite *complain*.

It's only a few seconds of silently *moaning*, slight tears in his eyes as he frustratingly tries to get off without actually touching himself, still too tired to set a pace or a rhythm. And then he feels it, his blankets being torn off of him, two hands slipping up his shirt, gently *rubbing* his back. One stays on his back, gliding up and down gently and the other one inches towards his *stomach*, gliding down slowly. He smells an overwhelming amount of lilac all at once.

Scar.

And Grian moans from that almost innocent touch alone, gently thrusting against the mattress with a soft *cry*. "Ah—Scar-", he moaned. "Hhhh, do you not *sleep*?" And his words were slurred, his eyes not quite straight.

Grian is flipped over before he even *starts* to wake up. Suddenly there are warm lips suddenly against *his* lips. Scar's kissing him, and Grian can't help but moan into it, *experimentally* bucking his hips up. He hits nothing and lets out a small *whine*.

And Scar stops kissing his lips.

Instead, the kisses travel down his neck. He can feel his throat being nibbled at, can feel Scar *desperately* trying to leave hickies.

Scar. *Scar. Scar-* wait, **Scar?**

His night shirt was ripped in half as Grian's eyes *widened*, as he looked down and saw his own chest.

"Hey- I *liked* that shirt!" He mumbled, quickly licking his lips with a slight *pout*.

He's instantly *shut up*, gentle kisses being trailed down his chest. He *whined*, feeling warm fingers latch onto his nipples, gently rolling the buds. He nearly *cried* when Scar decided to place his mouth on one, gently trailing his tongue around the nipple before pressing a gentle kiss to the top of the peak they had formed.

Scar's teeth slowly glided down the peak, gently latching on before *pulling* back, and Grian swore his roommate had the hands of *God*.

He could barely breathe, head spinning as scar gave a rough tug back with his teeth before gently kissing his nipple again, running his tongue along it.

Grian whined, feeling as Scar's hands started to trace down his body *slowly*, sliding down his ribs before meeting his stomach—and Scar's deadly mouth followed *suit*, kissing and biting and pinching Grian's skin.

If he was *desperately* hard before, *well*, he could feel his cock *throbbing* now—and the anticipation was beginning to kill him, because Scar was *nearly* there. His fingers traced against Grian's boxers and—they *disappeared*.

Cautiously, Grian sat up.

He felt Scar get off the bed, a gentle *whine* falling from his lips. He searched around his room for some sign of Scar, only to see the *potion* floating mid air, liquid slowly draining into an invisible *mass*.

A minute passes, and he *sees* him.

For the first time, Grian *sees* him. His skin is gently *tanned*—*his* eyes are a dark and *intoxicating* shade of green. And his eyes, they're staring towards him with a *terrifying* hunger, and Grian *melts* on the spot.

Scar's hair is fluffy, dark brown and styled well—and there's a huge scar by his chin, one that dashes across his nose. And he's *shirtless*. He's wearing pants, but he's shirtless, and there's hundreds of other *scars* all across his chest—some are almost faded, some are *huge* and still seem painful, yet all of them are *light* and have *healed well*.

All of them deserve kisses, his brain echoes, screams out.

And he's wearing the necklace Grian got him, red heart dangling against his chest—his chest that was *very* impressive. Grian almost wanted to cover up. Scar was toned, a gentle version of a *greek god*—and his chest looked *squishy*. Grian's own was flat, as well as his stomach, and—well, he had a bit of a happy trail that formed lower down, starting underneath his belly button.

He had zero rugged scars, a very *boring* scene *compared* to Scar.

"Why are you shirtless?" Grian whispered, trying his best to have a semi-normal question, because—well, Scar had just been on *top* of him, *touching* him.

And Scar *smiled*.

"Are you really asking that, Gri?" He said, *and—woah*. Grian blinked hard.

He could actually hear Scar *speak*. Properly. It wasn't just- an occasional word or two. Scar had just said a full sentence, *and—God*, Grian melted.

"Ah. *Hh-*," He mumbled, watching as Scar set down the empty bottle before approaching closer. "How'd you know about the potion?" Grian managed out.

"I'm not bound to one location, Grian." Scar said, reaching Grian's bed. He *slowly* climbed on top of it, a strange *devious* look in his eyes. "I was there when your sister handed it to you." He admitted, crawling on his hands and knees towards Grian. "She's a nice lady, *by the way*. I think she could see me standing behind you, though." He admitted, *and—*

Oh. Gem *hadn't* been being a good shop owner. She just could see *Scar*.

"She said you give her *poltergeist* vibes." He whispered, a slight smile forming across his lips. Yet Scar's eyes *flashed* in the dark as he finally reached Grian, and Grian who had pushed his legs closed as soon as Scar had gotten up found Scar spreading them *open* again.

Scar inched down, gently leaning his head towards the side of Grian's inner thigh, his breath *ghosting* against the painfully sensitive skin as he spoke.

"*Do I?*" He asked, a small chuckle leaving his throat as he began to *kiss* and *nip* at Grian's skin again.

Grian rolled his hips searching for friction and finding nothing. Squeezing his eyes closed he threw his head back, still sitting up as he *desperately* whined. "*Hhh—Scar*," he moaned out, slowly opening his eyes before glancing back down, just as Scar began to *suck* and *nibble* and *pull* Grian's skin with his teeth in one particular spot on Grian's thigh, his goal *definitely* to cause a bruise.

"Y'know, this is much *easier* when we can actually *communicate*." Scar said, his voice almost *purring*. "I've been *wanting* to do this *for-*." He began, and while Grian *desperately* wanted to

listen to his voice, yet again, Grian's cock was *desperately* leaking, *begging* for some sort of release.

"*Please.*" He whined, reaching out and grabbing Scar's hair, gently *yanking* him upwards.

Scar grinned, instantly eating the action up. He raised his head up closer to Grian's, pressing a gentle kiss against his forehead. His necklace hung near Grian's face, the *enchantment* almost glowing in the dark.

"You don't have to ask me twice, *Gri.*" He said, and suddenly Grian's boxers were torn to shreds—as if Scar had some sort of *personal vendetta* against them.

"Ah, *oh—hah,*" Grian said, the cold air causing Grian's cock to ache even more. He was, by far, more worked up than he had ever been before, a gentle *sob* escaping his lips as Scar placed a singular hand on his cock. "Oh my *God—.*" He whined out, quickly throwing an arm around Scar's neck, panting as Scar began to glide his hand up and down.

"*God—,*" Scar gently whistles. "*You're wet—.*" He mumbled, staring towards Grian's cock in awe. "*How much pre-cum do you produce, Gri?.*" Yet Grian couldn't respond.

That *wasn't* normal. Normally his dick wasn't so covered in pre-cum, no. This felt like he had already grabbed a healthy dose of *lube* and slathered it on—and he *whispered* at the thought of it.

"*You're perfect,*" Scar muttered, bright green eyes staring into Grian's before suddenly they closed, lips pressing against his own. Grian *folded*, his own eyes fluttering closed.

Scar kissed him, gentle at first, before growing more desperately and more hungry, biting and pulling at Grian's bottom lip, silently *begging* to be given access.

All while steadily jerking Grian off, Grian's hips jolting up into Scar's hand as he *whined* into the kiss, parting his mouth so Scar could find his way in, gently deepening the kiss—and

what good was air, Grian thought, chest growing painful from a solid lack of it. *Scar's lips were a much better concept.*

Though, Scar pulled away, and Grian *gasped*, attempting to fill his lungs as quickly as he could.

Scar stayed close, face just barely hovering above Grian's, hand growing faster as it slid up and down Grian's shaft, thumb occasionally running against Grian's slit and making him understand what heaven *ought* to be.

Grian's breathing became more and more sporadic, his other hand sliding up Scar's chest. Scar used his own free hand to support Grian's back, *kneeling* and keeping the quick pace he had formed, and Grian couldn't even *warn* him. He felt a familiar pressure building in his stomach, only to *instantly* release.

He closed his eyes, a loud moan escaping his lips—he whined out *Scar's* name, and the spirit did *not* stop gliding his hand up and down until there were tears of *overstimulation* in Grian's eyes.

Grian whined as Scar took hold of him. Scar rolled onto his back, holding Grian close against his chest, and Grian felt sticky, stomach lathered with his own cum.

"You can take a shower tomorrow." Scar said, pulling Grian even *impossibly* closer, and Grian let him. Though.. a shower before heading back to bed *might* be nice.

"*But-*." He mumbled, head finding a place to rest on Scar's chest, which was *deliciously* soft.

Scar *growls*. That's new. "**Mine.**" He says, and Grian swore he could see *red* flash against Scar's skin.

Though Grian simply smiled, the gentle smell of lilac and sweat overwhelming his senses. It was *him*. Scar. He smelt like lilacs.

"You're *really* possessive." Grian whispered, not *quite* complaining, eyes slowly fluttering closed, a small yawn escaping his lips.

And Scar stayed silent, just for a moment, before he gently pressed his lips against the top of Grian's head. "You're worth being possessive over."

—

He wakes up cold without another body beside him. He wakes up *cold*, his body *aching*. He can barely get out of bed, can barely step into a pair of black boxers and throw on a red hoodie before stumbling out of his room, down the hallway, into the bathroom.

He doesn't shower, he'll do that *later*, but he does lift up the hoodie and grabs a face cloth, dampens it and cleans off his stomach, all too surprised by the bruises that apparently formed against his thighs overnight.

He glances at his neck and realizes he won't be *able* to step out of the house for the next few days. Though, he doesn't exactly *want to*.

The house smells like *fresh bacon* and *sausage*, like *omelets* and *fresh hash browns*—and Grian knows Scar hasn't disappeared, yet he still can't *help* but mumble under his breath about being left alone, even knowing that Scar had made him breakfast.

Yet, he knew where Scar would be.

Stumbling into the living room, Grian found Scar on his couch, red heart necklace pressed against his gentle tanned chest. He wore no shirt, scars comfortably visible—and he wore Grian's plaid pajama pants, about two sizes too small in the legs. Jellie sat in his lap, *happily* purring.

And breakfast was on his coffee table, a cup of breakfast tea directly beside it.

End Notes

hey! for anyone interested in keeping up with my writing/posts, i have a twitter! (@urxscared) feel free to follow and interact! i love gaining twitter mutuals, and i figured since I'm getting into hermitcraft, i might as well have a semi-personal account for it! in the near future, i might be starting up a scarian writer's discord, where reader's, writer's and beta's alike can talk about scarian.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!